

Daily Eagle

M. H. MURDOCK, Editor.

The Professional Pietism of a Political Poser.

In the name of Jesus, abetted by the connivance of a preacher of His gospel, a Topeka newspaper, presumably in straitened circumstances, has seemingly succeeded in working a glib public to a turn. Christ was crucified by the Jews, His betrayal being the price of thirty pieces of a now debased metal; but by this Topeka subtlety in a probable avoidance of bankruptcy, the religion of Christ is crucified by the unscrupulous, and His name made a by-word, that notoriety and money may come of a time-serving shuffle. From the hour that the job was first announced that a minister who had made fame, if not fortune, by writing a fiction implicating the life and character of the world's Redeemer, down to the first issue of the venture, which contains on its first page a prayer by a bishop with an advertising border around it, there has been to us only the seeming of blasphemy and the hypocrisy of the Pharisee who stood up on his heels in the Temple to pray. The printed appeals to heaven for help indulged in by the editor of this financial venture embody the irreverence of a call upon the Almighty for His blessings and guidance in a game of bunco. Hardly had this compot for gain, made in the name of Him who in being without sin, gave His life to save a world steeped in crime, been announced before it was followed by the counter-banter that a series of sermons would be preached as He who spoke as never man spoke would preach them. In the light, and by the example thus set in the sacred name of Jesus, nothing that the secular press or the profane might say of the church or its cause hereafter can be condemned as sacrilegious.

Hallowed beyond the power of all human expression is the Nazarene name of the Divine Redeemer of mankind. His mission upon the earth is esteemed more holy in the hearts of His followers than words can portray, being at once the hope and anchor of all the multitudes of the twenty centuries whose troubled souls have found no other succor from the sorrows and woes of a world in which they, and we, were and are, unbidden guests. Without cost and without price was the salvation He brought. But for this week of pretended pietism of a political paper, run by a preacher of the gospel, in the name of Jesus, twenty-five cents, or double the ordinary price of such publications, is extorted and collected, for a sheet which while proclaiming the same purity of spirit of the inspired Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount, runs a half-page advertisement of "Featherbone" for modeling the forms of fashion, and two columns of endorsements of a New York secular paper, the caption of which grist of gratuitous puffs embodies an untruth, and for which this self-constituted evangel of a week is made responsible.

Once rob the human heart of its trust in the Divine mission of the Christ; once rob the world of its reverence for the life and character of Jesus; once rob humanity of its faith in His promises and the children of earth, in being thus bereft of hope or any chance beyond the closing eye of death, and all that is valuable or ennobling in our Christian civilization falls to the earth and becomes a part of its very dust. The bandying of His name as a by-word, as a catch-penny phrase, as is this attempt to reduce to the limitation of human efforts and conceptions the transcendent omniscience and passion which embraces the eternal destinies of the millions dead, living and unborn of our race, whose form and fashion Jesus for such sake assumed, in sacrifice and profanity beyond our pen to picture or to paint.

Let Them Come to Kansas.

The big end of the many millions of money invested in the palatial homes of Denver, and in the plantations of South California, were carried there by eastern people of pulmonary troubles. The climate of Denver in being too changeable, and that of California in the rainy season too humid, people with lung and throat troubles have not only not found the relief expected, but Colorado and California are now publicly bewailing that pulmonary troubles are developing among their own citizens from continual contact with the disease, and drastic measures for the keeping of the thus afflicted away are being threatened. People generally are just beginning to realize what scientists have all along known, and that is for all such as are troubled with tuberculosis western Kansas, western Oklahoma, northwestern Texas and the valleys of Arizona are far more favorable than either the mountain regions of southern California. With an altitude running from two to three thousand feet above sea-level, and a rare, not too rare, however, dry atmosphere, with almost constant sunshine, winter and summer, the upper valley of the Arkansas in Kansas is the ideal location for people with weak or diseased lungs. As for infection the constant winds and dry air eliminates such a possibility.

From Picnic to Banquet.

Four or five years since it was the Populist fashion to have picnics. Throughout the Mississippi valley states the Pop picnic was popular. The participants brought their own baskets and a common table was spread, or groups and circles partook of the feast. The faithful alone were invited, the political boss being conspicuous for his absence or to be found hanging upon the outskirts of the festivities. Mark the change. Where were once the unpretentious picnic of good fellowship in a common cause, we now have the boss banquet. Every meeting of fusion leaders is signalled by a banquet in which the pop is of the cork and not the bewinked victim of calumny.

Lucien Baker's Narrow Escape.

Senator Baker in telling a Washington Star reporter how in throwing himself back in a laugh once a bullet went through his lungs instead of through his heart, recalls an incident which will be new to many Kansas people of today. A dozen or more years ago an unprincipled young fellow named Thurston was tried in Leavenworth on a charge of murder. Baker, then a member of the Leavenworth bar, defended Thurston, and after an exciting trial, secured his acquittal. Two years later Thurston attempted to kill Colonel Anthony because of an editorial roast appearing in the Times. Meeting Anthony on Main street, Thurston whipped out a revolver and without warning began firing. Anthony escaped injury, but one of the bullets went clean through Senator Baker, who was about a rod and a half away, talking to a friend.

Baker had been listening to a funny story. The point was reached simultaneously with Thurston's firing. In a

burst of laughter Baker threw his body backward. The bullet struck the fleshy part of his left arm and passed on through the left lung. For several weeks he hovered between life and death. Thurston was convicted of shooting with intent to kill and was given a long term in the state prison.

It Was Lincoln's Private Car.

"For many years," remarked a railroad man to a representative of the New York Commercial, "there has stood in an isolated section of the Union Pacific shops at Omaha a dilapidated car of the vintage of 1860. For many years it has been exposed to the wind and rain. Its windows are nailed up, not a glass remains to show its ancient grandeur. The steps have been knocked off, and junk workers have robbed it of much of its running gear. Yet little over a quarter of a century ago this old car was the finest thing in the country and the center of all eyes. This was the private car of President Lincoln. It was a marvel in those days, and between its wooden sides was inserted half-inch boiler iron to preserve the life of the president from the bullets of the Confederates when he went near the front. Today the old car is a small thing compared to the moving palaces turned out by the Pullman shops, but when it was the receptacle of the remains of the murdered president and en route to Springfield many of the station platforms along the road had to be cut away to permit the car to pass. This relic of the Lincoln period, with its battle-scarred sides, has been protected by a new shed, and President Burt of the Union Pacific has expressed a willingness to have the car preserved as a relic. The colored people of Omaha, led by Dr. M. O. Ricketts, are asking the city council to appropriate money to have the ancient car placed in a permanent home in Omaha, and President Burt will induce his company to contribute the car for that purpose.

Would Like to Fight It Out.

The people of the land of Dreyfus and of Anna Gould's husband have no love for their neighbor of the tight little life, nor would never have had though there had been no battle of Waterloo. La Belle France is making mouths at Johnny Bull, and there are growing evidences of an uncomfortable feeling between the two. Following the Nile incident came the Russian alliance and following a victory in South Africa may come something disagreeable. The fact is that France has never forgotten the Fashoda dispute, and has taken all necessary precautions not to be caught at a disadvantage should England become too aggressive. There are 30,000 white troops in Tonquin and 50,000 in Algeria. France has 10,000 troops in Madagascar and is sending more.

Should England be triumphant in South Africa it will doubtless serve to increase her assertiveness. It is possible that the tension might then become unbearable and war be precipitated.

But the great world's fair which is billed for next month is a strong bulwark of peace. It is difficult to conceive of anything so awkward as a declaration of war in the midst of a project designed to celebrate the arts of peace. War, however, is contagious, and he is indeed a prophet who can figure on the European chess board more than a day ahead.

A Steer Trust Threatened.

A horrible idea is advanced by a New York promoter. He suggests that the live stock men of the United States get together and corner the market. He says: "If the owners of live stock in the United States could get together in one corporation they would be 'it' in a commercial sense. The other big trusts would be midgets. These live stock people in their present holdings represent more than four billions of dollars. This means that the live stock of the United States is worth a sum greater than the value of all the farm lands, live stock, buildings and machinery fifty years ago. Yes, and you may add the value of all the slaves then in bondage, and still you would not have a sum equal to the present value of live stock."

Nineteenth Century Achievements—Military Progress.

The most effective organization and employment of armies in active warfare at any given period has always been determined by the nature of the arms in use at the time. The laboratory and workshop of science in recent years have in fact produced and forced a change in the methods of fighting which it is safe to say was not foreseen by any one of the inventors whose skill made it necessary. This dictum of Colonel Frederick Maurice, Royal Artillery, seems to be accepted by military experts everywhere, and its truth is borne out by the consternation created in Europe when letters from the seat of war revealed the effect which the breech-loading rifle had in determining the contest. Later it was learned that the perfect organization of Germany had much to do in securing the extraordinary victory, but the fact remains that the breech-loading gun constituted the great revolution in warfare which makes the nineteenth century notable.

The effectiveness of fire, both of artillery and infantry, was so destructive of life that the close formations of men massed in dense columns had to be abandoned and the "skirmishing" or open order formations to be adopted. This led eventually to the most radical changes in tactics, and modified in some particulars the interpretations of the truth of strategy. These in turn brought about new theories of organization, and their substitution for drill as a means of battle action. Harking back to the initial cause of these developments we reach the weapon, the arm, and the radical change in this was the substitution of breech loading for the involved methods of muzzle loading.

The United States is liable to become mediator between Transvaal and Great Britain. It is a job the United States should let alone. Transvaal should be free, and we ought not to be a party to making her anything else.

Agonillo has issued a statement that over 17,000 American soldiers have been wounded in the Philippines. Agonillo includes these boys whose feelings have been hurt because they couldn't catch Aguinaldo.

Whitelaw Reid has written to friends in England that he is much pleased over the turn of the tide in the Boer war. England takes this as an index of enlightened American sentiment. It is enlightened both.

Sixty foreign insurance companies, mostly American, have been refused entrance into Japan. Insurance is becoming the biggest thing in the world, and Japan might better rescind her decision.

Mrs. Dewey announces that she is a Democrat; that Dewey himself is a Republican. Perhaps the young Mr. Dewey is a Populist. He ought to be, to make the family's politics complete.

All advances for peace from the Transvaal are met by Great Britain with emphatic rejections. Great Britain is now seeking for a knock down and drag out.

The city council of Flint, Michigan, has interdicted a performance of "Sapho." The performance has been stopped and Flint, Michigan, thank heaven, is saved.

Great Britain, since Kruger asked for peace, has become suddenly austere and merciful. The Transvaal can and should expect nothing but death or victory.

Paul Kruger seems to be playing all his poor cards at once. He asked for peace one day and asked intervention of European powers the next.

In the light of subsequent events, if we had to invade Porto Rico again, General Miles' reception committee would not be so large.

President Kruger has asked Germany to interfere in the present war, but Germany says she is not interested in the quarrel.

Lord Roberts is to enter Bloemfontein today and for the moment make free with the Orange Free State.

Mrs. Dewey wants her husband to run for president—she doesn't care on which ticket.

Kentucky manages to scare up about one crisis per day.

Aunt Rose's Secret.

M. Delvalley rose, furious, his eyebrows contracted, his mouth drawn.

"I tell you this marriage shall not take place," he said.

"And I swear it shall!" cried Andre, with only a shade less determination in his eyes and voice.

But the old man paid no attention to his son's words, and continued:

"As you can't take care of yourself, I must take care of you. Where do these Durands live?"

"No 27 Rue Nollet."

"Rue Nollet? And you say they are not after your money?" Delvalley said as he left his son. He returned in a few moments, a paper in his hand, from which he read in a loud voice:

Mad. Durand, No 27 Rue Nollet—I formally refuse my consent to the marriage of my son Andre and your daughter, and inform you that if the event takes place I shall absolutely disinherit my son.

DELVALLEY.

"Well," said Nommie, "what news?"

She had not yet received the telegram. "The very worst," said Andre. "He refuses, and threatens to disinherit me."

"But I can find something to do, and we can at least have each other."

Nommie was very much in love, and her good resolutions began to waver before the strength of her lover's desire. They were talking despondently when the door opened and a pretty elderly woman entered the room.

"Dear me, how unhappy you look!" she said. "What is the matter?"

"M. Delvalley has refused his consent," said Nommie.

Aunt Rose smiled.

"Stay here until I come back, Andre. I am going to try my little fairy charm as a last resort."

All afternoon the two young people sat disconsolately together, waiting for the telegram and for Aunt Rose. What had zeeme of his father's dispatch Andre could not imagine. At last, long after the time it should have come, the maid entered with a formidable envelope. Nommie took it.

"Andre," she cried, "there is some mistake; listen to this!"

Mad. Durand refused to ask the hand of M. Delvalley for my son, Andre. I will call at your convenience. Respectfully, DELVALLEY.

It was a long time before they found out Aunt Rose's secret, and when Andre overheard a conversation not meant for his ears.

"I was right, was I not, to keep my faith in your god heart, and to intercept the dispatch before I went to see you?" asked Aunt Rose, in a voice that Andre had never heard her make so tender and soft in tone.

"Ah, Rose!" responded M. Delvalley, in a voice strange still to the listener. "How could I know that the girl was your niece? To think that I was about to separate them, as your father separated them, that I was then poor—that they would have suffered all that I have suffered in giving you, and in thinking of you all of these years! And now that we are united a last, you will not refuse me, but suddenly the reality he was listening, and crept silently away—From the French.

He Engaged the Boy.

Dr. McTavish of Edinburgh was something of a virtuoso, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in surgery who must necessarily be of strong nerves.

He received several applications, and when telling the lad what the duties were in order to test his nerves would say while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in the corner:

"Part of your work will be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so."

A few lads would consent to a trial, and received a basin of hot gruel and a bowl.

While they were pouring a hot mass into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to come from the jaws of the bony customer, and would say:

"G-r-r-r-r-r-r! That's hot!"

This was to much, and without exception the lads would drop the basin and bolt.

The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came along and was given the basin and spoon.

After the first mouthful the skeleton appeared to say:

"G-r-r-r-r-r-r! That's hot!"

Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the boy rattled the skull and hastened to report to the professor.

"Well, just blow out ye auld bony!" The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot—London Tid-Bits.

Where Hypnotism Didn't Work.

(Atlantic Constitution.)

"I think that the career, sad-eyed citizen," "if you could manage to get Maria under the influence of your own hypnotism, and let her see her so, we would get along all right afterwards. I want you to try to change the nature of her gift her so that she'll sort of recognize my rights as an insubordination, as the scripture commands. You can do that—certainly can," said the professor.

But just then a woman who had been taking up tickets at the door came forward.

A Final Effort.

(From Tid-Bits.)

Miss Antiquity—Why, how do you do, Mr. Globetrotter? I am delighted to see you here. Of course you remember me?

Returned Traveler (wresting with his memory)—Of course, of course. Delighted to see you looking so well. And how are the dear children?

Miss Antiquity—Children? Returned Traveler—I meant to ask how is your family—meaning, of course, your husband.

Miss Antiquity—Husband? I never had a husband, sir!

Returned Traveler—Er—of course not; just a little piece of my own knowledge; I mean, of course, your brother, whom you love as much as any one could love a husband.

Miss Antiquity—I never had a brother.

Returned Traveler—Er—of course not; just joking, you know. How is your—your—er—Did you ever have a mother?

A Wonderful Cave.

Mexican Herald: Some persons who have just returned from the neighborhood of Huasteca Potolima, where they were in search of coal, report the discovery of a very wonderful cave in the mountains of that country. It is decorated on the inside with most elaborate manner, and is evidently the temple of an aboriginal god. In fact, there is now in the cave a huge stone image of an Indian god. From indications it is evident that the cave is still being worshipped by the natives. It is thought that this worship may have been going on for many years in the same place, and that the natives, when they found that they could not carry on their heathen worship openly, took the idea to the cave and fitted up for the best and most elaborate temple their facilities afforded.

Where Levels.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

He is a different young fellow—Mr. sure. Miss De Courcy, I would be only too glad to press my suit if—

She—Please don't talk shop, Mr. Simpson.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Nardin will celebrate his second anniversary today.

The work of surveying the pasture lands of the Osage nation will be completed April 1.

The city marshal of Alva made a spit-balist who gave a show in that city dig up a license fee.

The Oklahoma City papers have a marvelous capacity for changing hands. This time it is the Oklahoma.

There is a run of spinal meningitis in the territory. At this season last year it prevailed to some extent.

In the Osage nation the quarantine has been so relaxed that an annuity payment will take place this week.

Adjutant General Comer has mustered in the western Oklahoma company of the O. N. G., half of which company was farmed in Alva, half in Woodward.

W. H. Coyle of Guthrie was in Cushing last week, looking into the report that the merchants of that city had agreed to have no goods shipped via Ripley.

Fred Smith of Guthrie, an employee of the construction company which built the Oklahoma and Eastern, was injured and disfigured by a blast and has sued for \$25,000 damages.

A. W. Westlake, a teacher of Lyon Valley district, Kingfisher county, challenges the world and Kinsinger county to a mathematical contest.

The Geary Bulletin has a correspondent who wrote up a pie supper saying the proceeds would go to the organ fund. The type-writer got it "Bryan fund," and diplomatic relations between that correspondent and the Bulletin have been broken off.

Here is a terrible goose story from the Hennessey Clipper: "While coming in from the country Monday evening about 8 o'clock, Cherd Paim herd a great quacking in a sheet of water close to the road. Taking on his shotgun he fired at the sound and walking over picked up three big Canada geese, which he had killed."

An old colored man at Hennessey recently gave this evidence: "No, sah; I didn't have no smallpox, but I did have a case of what the white folks called the celluloid. Peaked lak he was afeared de neighbors would catch it, as dey had been opposed to it, so 'e come ova one night and sawed de head in and then cantered me and de whole family."

There is an engineer on the Chataqua who gets up at dawn every day now to kick himself. He pulled out of Okarche the other day and didn't take the trouble to look back and see if he had his train on behind him, which he didn't. He went clear to El Reno before any one notified him that he had a freight train coming to him. He was sent back after it and delayed regular train in both directions on the division.

Blackwell Spoon: I. Z. Zelma is loser of one of his fine trained dogs. He had it chained fast up at his home, but it got loose and came down town last night and became fastened by the chain it was dragging, to the sidewalk by Covey's stove, and raised such a din that Covey and one of the marshals had to go and killed it without knowing whose dog it was, or that it was fast and could not get away. Its loss is deeply regretted, as it was worth about \$100.

A country correspondent in the Geary Bulletin tells of an Indian pale-face school. He says: The Bridgeport school is running as usual, attended by both white and Indian pupils. The Indian children come well dressed, neat and clean. They learn to read and speak English faster, and better too, along with white children than in an Indian school. They excel white children, as a rule, in penmanship and drawing. There are, in our opinion, advantages for the children of both races in such a school."

Instances of the danger of violating the sacredness of the Sabbath day multiply. The Cleveland Triangle says: "Last Sunday Judge Hansen went down to the river with a long iron rod to probe down into the sand and find out how deep the water would be sunk until rock could be reached. He drove down in his buggy and out on the sand, where he stood up in the seat and raised the long rod to drive it down, but the horse took it for a whip to drive it with and started and left the judge standing on nothing. Besides breaking the Sabbath and one of the rules of the town, the judge came breaking his back. He struck rock at about fourteen feet."

Along the Kansas Nile.

The Emporia Gazette rules that a woman who smokes is no worse than a man who drinks.

Reverend Shofson prohibits smoking in the editorial rooms of the Capital office. Snakes of the town are invited.

In a letter home, Fred Funston says that the resurrection has collapsed completely. He looks for no more big fights.

Topeka, in its litigation seeking to have the franchise of the city works company forfeited, lost in the state supreme court.

The Plumb of Emporia have ceased the advocacy of free silver. Amos Plumb, the senator's son, attending a Republican caucus recently.

The Missouri river which at Afton has been on the Kansas side for some time, is changing over to the Missouri side of its bed.

Henry Hanson, a bachelor farmer in McPherson county, went insane, set his house on fire and then guarded the ashes with a shotgun.

This is the time of the year in Kansas, according to the Almanac Globe, which misses nothing, that people order their coal by the half ton.

Jim Orr is quoted as saying that if David Martin were nominated for associate justice by the trustees \$25,000 would be used to beat him. Orr denies that he said any such thing.

The season approaches in which the Kansas chief of police drops from the exalted position of preserver of law and order to a common mediator between Garden and Chicken.

While the house was burning the family of J. C. Fox of Atchison were asleep upstairs and unawakened. In order to rouse them a neighbor fired his rifle repeatedly, and saved their lives.

The Kansas will cease to stop to listen to a political street discussion; will eventually quit running to free, will pass by indifferently a dog-fight, but of one thing he is always a willing, faithful spectator—the spectacle of moving a big safe.

The residence of J. C. Fox, of McPike & Fox of Atchison, was burned the other night by an incendiary. For some time an unknown person has been throwing rocks through the windows. The same person burned the house.

A young man in Atchison county was taking his girl home from church when he was set upon by a gang of young men, assaulted and brutally hurt. That the young woman had to go home alone. In some districts this sort of play is known as a "joke."

Some indication of the immense freight traffic in Kansas at the present time may be obtained from this item in the Newton Republican: "Frank Ira was the captain of an extra west this morning, which had eighty-one cars and a total tonnage of 2,965 tons. In addition to the double-header, a pusher was attached to the rear to give them a good start."

Athletic Reflector: The City mills weighed snow yesterday and obtained some astonishing results. On the big scale north of the office, measuring 34 feet at 12 o'clock 560 pounds had fallen. Between 1 and 2 o'clock exactly 560 pounds of snow fell on that space. At 2 o'clock 560 pounds was registered. That means a heavy weight on the average house or porch roof.

Charges have been preferred against a schoolmaster at Wellington for luring a pupil to his home, where he kept the boy as an orange during prayer. She could

Geo. Innes & Co.

Gloves Today

Ladies' 2-class "Prime Lamb," self stitching, in black, white and colors. This is our \$1.35 Glove. An entire new shipment put on sale today. All sizes at 97c.

Tooth Brush Special Tomorrow...

See them in window. Two quarter brushes for 19c.

Some Things

On My Bargain Counter

6 Decorated Pie Plates, 50 cents, worth \$1.	Decorated Sugar Bowls, 25 cents, worth 50 cents.
6 Decorated Tea Plates, 30 cents, worth 60.	12-inch Gold Lined Platter, 25 cents, worth 50 cents.
Decorated Covered Dishes, 25 to 75 cents.	Glass Covered Cheese Plates, large size, 50 cents, worth 75 cents.
6 Decorated Breakfast Plates, 50 cents, worth \$3.	A big bargain in a beautiful Decorated Dinner Set for \$12, worth \$25.
Decorated Cake Plates, 25 cents, worth 50 cents.	One 16-piece Set for \$15, worth \$25.

J. E. Caldwell, 130 N. Main St.



A venerable resident of Alma City, Minn., is somewhat of a traveler in spite of his eighty years. "Last year I made a visiting tour to the Pacific coast and I intend to start in a few days for the Atlantic," he writes in a letter to the Ripans Chemical Company of New York. "I am an old man and somewhat dyspeptic. Your Tabules are a favorite remedy with me and I do not like to start without them. Please hurry them up."

WANTED—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package. Age and accept no substitutes. R-I-P-A-N-S, 16 for 6 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 16 Spruce St., New York.

Dr. Sheldon Would Publish Our Ads Because They Are Truthful...

Shirt Waists Are Here...



"Banner Brand" LADIES' WAISTS

Probably no line of wash waists is so well known the country over as the "Banner Brand Waists." This popularity is partly earned by the merits of the goods. The 1200 showing is a world beater. The line embraces everything worthy of consideration and ranges in prices from

48c to \$2.50

Specials This Week:

Thirty-two inch printed M